

# The Revolution.

Devoted to the Interest of Woman and Home Culture.

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## Editorial Notes.

It is said that Mrs. Bloomer has a letter from Horace Greeley, written twenty years ago, in which he strongly committed himself to Woman Suffrage. That was the Horace Greeley we shall delight to remember.

The *Woman's Journal*, of Boston, made a very handsome notice of the *Revolution* last week, for which we are grateful. The use we make of the *Journal* from week to week shows our appreciation of that excellent paper.

FLANNEL parties are given in some places by charitable young ladies who sew one hour for the poor and then dance three hours for joy, closing the entertainment with refreshments. This is the newest style of goodness made easy.

WE have received very pleasant letters of congratulation and encouragement from Rev. Mrs. Hanaford, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Mary F. Davis, and many others of the prominent friends of the woman movement, for which we return thanks.

ONE of the most useful, enjoyable, and profitable associations that can be formed is a Conversation Club, where intelligent ladies and gentlemen can have a free interchange of views on questions of real interest and importance. If possible, the conversation should be introduced with the reading of a paper prepared for the occasion by some member of the club. Such associations meet the wants of cultivated people, and give an improved tone to society.

AMHERST COLLEGE is afraid to admit young women as students. Their presence might interfere with the studies of the tender-minded young men who are being educated there, and subject them to the inconvenience of stricter rules of discipline. And then it is suggested, probably in irony, that their matriculation would lower the standard of the College course. More likely the guardians of the slow youth fear to have them brought in direct competition with classes of ambitious quick-witted young women. We are sorry for Amherst. Most of its students are preparing to enter the ministry. Will they ask the women to leave the church when they come to preach, lest the presence of young ladies shall turn their heads?

THE Chicago fire brought out many an act of heroism, and the papers are full of striking and beautiful instances of endurance, sympathy and sacrifice. A young lady writes as follows:—Two blocks beyond where I lived, in Halstead street, lived an old German, an almost helpless cripple, whose sole support was his wife and young son. The latter went away in the morning and did not return. The fire rapidly ap-

proached with deadly omen, and the old couple were not only distracted at the absence of the boy, but fearful of their possible fate. At last the flames came so near that they must fly or die. In the strength of her affection the old woman seized the aged cripple, placed him upon her back, and thus staggered along for a distance of two blocks, when some men placed him in a grocer's wagon and drew him to a place of safety.

MISS ANNA DICKINSON gave her lecture on "Demagogues and Workingmen," at Steinway Hall, last Thursday evening, to a large and enthusiastic audience. For an hour and a half she held the crowd of listeners almost spell-bound by her sparkling, pointed, effective oratory. Her lecture was fully reported in some of the papers, but no report can give the sarcastic, the trenchant, the soul-moving tones of the fair speaker, which often gave a thrilling effect to her words. She exposed the sophistry of some of the labor reformers, and the tyranny of trades-unions, and her rebuke of the treatment of the Chinese laborers who have come to this country was terribly but deservedly severe. She contended that the great problem of the age is to work out some plan of co-operation, and apply it successfully for the benefit and elevation of mankind. We hope the courageous young orator will repeat her lecture a hundred times this Winter.

THE approach of Winter suggests many ways of usefulness to women who have means and opportunity for public work. The great conflagrations which have desolated so many cities and towns and reduced thousands to utter destitution, made a demand upon us for all that charity can bestow. Yet close at home are hundreds of calls upon the generous and kind. The poor are all about us, needing the comforts of life, and needing still more the sympathetic interest, advice, restraint and cheer that more prosperous neighbors can give. Children need to be clothed and sent to school; and one of the best things a half dozen women in any town and ward of our cities can do, is to look after the children who are kept from school for want of proper clothes or to pick up pennies and vices in the streets. Our men are too busy or too indifferent to attend to these matters. Women must be the saviours of society. Every true woman is a philanthropist. The best edition of the Gospel we ever saw was a live one in a Quaker dress.

A WRITER in the *Williams Review* opposes the admission of women into colleges because they cannot bear hazing, either of body or of mind; and the hazing does the boys more good than anything they learn at college. Which is doubtless true. Most college students need a deal of hazing to take the conceit out of their hearts

and the wind out of their heads. But is it true that young women do not need wholesome criticism as much as young men, and that they will not bear it quite as well as young men do? Our observation and experience satisfies us that young women need nothing more than just that attrition and criticism, sharpening and polish which contact with studious young men would give; and moreover that they bear criticism better and are more improved by it than young men usually are. And their presence in college would tend to refine the sports, improve the morals, and sweeten the life of the young men who associate with them. It would do no harm to take the roughness out of college sports, but it does not follow the recreations must be less vigorous and exciting because young women engage in or witness them. The young men who think that putting a companion's head under the pump, and smashing the furniture in his room, are specially manly games and a necessary part of the education of a gentleman, might learn a needed lesson of gentleness and humanity by associating with a class of refined and cultivated young women through a college course.

MR. THEODORE TILTON gave his lecture on "Home, Sweet Home," in Unity Chapel last Sunday evening, before a very intelligent audience. He said little respecting home, except referring to its foundation in the love of two equal souls. His principal topics were marriage and divorce, upon which he spoke with great plainness, force and eloquence. The true marriage, he contended, was based upon love and took place before the parties were joined at the altar. The wedding service does not make the marriage; it merely announces it. The different views of marriage were then searchingly criticized, the church regarding it as a sacrament and treating it as though it were a contract, and the State regarding it as though it were a contract and treating it as though it were a sacrament, or something far more solemn than any contract can be. He showed the evils resulting from the refusal to divorce those who are estranged, and the great confusion in our divorce legislation, contending that the immorality of which we complain so bitterly is the inevitable consequence of a marriage and a divorce system which are irrational and cruel. He would have marriage a civil contract, and leave the parties free to cancel it by mutual consent under proper regulations. The lecturer spoke with the intense earnestness of sincere conviction, and while he interested his audience with an array of facts and statistics new to most of them, gave them all matter for serious reflection, if he did not convert them entirely to his views. The *Tribune* of the next morning prefaced its very meagre report of the lecture with an introduction which did great injustice both to the lecture and the lecturer, and betrayed an animus that we do not care to characterize.

## Contributions.

### How Home is Made.

HOME is an organism. It is a product of the blended lives and sympathies of men and women. It springs from a union of tastes and ideas that twine about the walls like delicate vines, and bloom over the windows and doorways, and along the cornices, like morning glories. Men and women, apart, and distinct from each other, can do many admirable things, but they cannot create a home. A household composed wholly of women is generally lifeless, lacking inspiration and cheer. A household composed wholly of men soon lapses into barbarism. Only a man and a woman with natures in accord are, through the fine, pure intuitions of love, capable of constructing this sacred, joyous, happy abode, on the fairest ideal the mind has ever held before its hopes.

It is a mistake to suppose that woman is more the home-maker than man. The two must work with and through each other, lending mutual cheer and inspiration; and the sum of their efforts will be something far better than either could produce alone. The fragments and shams everywhere called by the name of home, are the miserable failures they are owing to the divided lives and separate interests behind the screening walls. Love and union are as essential to home as air is to the lungs. On no other foundation can it be built; and the moment the heart becomes loveless, and the thoughts and sympathies jagged, out of tune and harsh, the place crumbles from an organism into an aggregation—so many chairs and tables, so many beds, so many yards of carpeting, but no fine, high principle binding them together in unity.

Rooms tell tales; we soon know if loving people live in them, and, alas! we know if the reverse be the case. There are sepulchers and ice caves which masquerade under the name of human dwellings, and the inhabitants, when we meet them, seem sundered by a continent. Such a house, no matter how the builder contrived it, has great wastes of loneliness and desolation, like the desert of Sahara. The fruit of young lives grown there is unripe, hard, bitter and acidulous.

It takes the very finest and highest qualities to create the best home. People are frequently heroes and heroines to shallow observers, who, under their own roof, are simply despicable. Home is a growth, and it must keep growing all the time through the unselfish affections of its inmates. Every running vine has a terminal bud, where it pushes out new leaves and blossoms; home must have a terminal bud also, and the sap must mount through every one of its tendrils. If it stands in the woods of Oregon, it must be conscious that humanity is all around, and God and heaven overhead.

Home, which means essentially light and

cheer, is something more than a still nestling-place for tired bodies, a refuge after the day's turmoil. It is primarily a nursery for all the sweetest virtues. There is a religion, charity and tolerance of home our American people have yet to learn. The fine old idea that every man's house is his castle, where he can do as he pleases, entertain the people he likes, and live his own life, is fast decaying under the blighting influence of pretension and display. We have hundreds of museums of upholstery, kept principally for the accommodation of foreign-born domestics, but few centres of hospitality. With all our increase of riches, hospitality languishes and is in danger of dying out. Such a thing as social democracy is unknown among us. The unselfishness and otherlicity of mind which it requires is almost wholly wanting. New York is the social desert it is because people are matched by the size of their diamonds, the weight of their silks, the cost of their equipages. Possessions play the role which persons should enact. The true home is the ideal republic. All good institutions emanate from it. It must save, if anything ever does, our young men from dissipation and our young women from the world. The men and women who together are fitted to create this blessed place need no other preparation for heaven, for they have brought heaven down to earth, and when they depart they will only go up higher.

JOAQUIN MILLER has so suddenly leaped into fame through his remarkable "Songs of the Sierras," that a short account of his personal appearance and early life may prove interesting. He is not much above the medium height, slight, pale, stooping, and with a timidity in his step which is almost painful. His voice is thin, low, and slightly hesitating, and suggests a tendency to consumption. His head is handsome, and his sunny hair grows low down upon a broad forehead. His whiskers and moustache are lighter and flossier even than his hair, and barely conceal a very sensitive mouth. His eyes are violet in shade, and sad in expression. He speaks little, and smiles seldom; dresses very quietly, though slightly in the Pacific style, with a scarlet necktie, and boots outside his trousers. He was born in Indiana, it seems, thirty years ago—the father, Julius Miller, emigrated, somewhere in Kansas times, to Oregon, and settled near Eugene city in Lane county. For some years previous to 1859-60, Joaquin Miller was in California and Mexico, leading a wild life; after he returned to Oregon he went to school, studied law a little, ran a pony-express, edited a newspaper, wrote verses and married young. He was once chosen county judge of Grant county, and while holding that office, the short alcaide wrote some of his now famous poems. He first published a volume on the Pacific coast two years ago, but it was scarcely seen east of the mountains.

### England's Queen.

THERE is a good deal of painful talk respecting Queen Victoria, both in public and in private. At first it was whispered about, and only half told at that, that her mind was seriously affected, if not permanently unbalanced. The story assumed a bolder form, and took on additional incidents. Finally, public speakers and influential papers in England do not hesitate to pronounce the Queen partially unsound in mind, and to call upon her to abdicate at once.

We have no means of ascertaining the exact truth respecting the Queen's condition. She has lived a long time in as much retirement as possible, hedged about with all the privacy a sovereign can command. Perhaps the intimations and assertions of English speakers and papers have a foundation in fact. But we are half inclined to think that the wish to get rid of a Queen who refuses to play the splendid game of royalty, and keep up the costly show and pageant of a court, is the real mother to the inventions.

It is well known, to those who are at all acquainted with the Queen, that she is a devout believer in one phase of spiritualism. She has a firm conviction that Prince Albert is always present with her, and that she can hold communion with him. Her private rooms are arranged as they were when he was alive. His chair is placed opposite to her own in the library, and the books which he delighted to read to her are arranged lovingly, in order, upon the table. In some of her moods she will converse with him for an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud, and with the vigor and interest of old times. At times, when she is more than ordinarily impressed with a sense of his presence, it is said she will order a knife and fork to be placed on the dinner-table for him, and cause the attendants to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. Every morning a pair of boots are cleaned and set down against the door of the chamber which he once occupied; and at breakfast, when in Scotland, she will often sit a long time in silence, waiting for the Prince.

Whatever may be thought of the spiritualistic theory of the presence of the departed and their continued communication with the living, it is unquestionably true that Queen Victoria derives a great deal of consolation from the belief, and would sooner abdicate her throne than lose her sense of the nearness and interest of her departed husband. And judging from what is known of the habits and character of the Prince of Wales, her abdication would be the greatest calamity that could befall England. She has ruled long and well, has shown to the world that woman is capable of filling the highest public position with dignity, ability and beneficence, and has preserved the character of wife, mother and friend, with all the simple tastes and sweet amenities of

a true womanhood unimpaired by her public station. If she has ruled less than other sovereigns it is because she has let the people rule more, and to her credit be it said that she has done more than any other sovereign of Europe to prepare her country for republican institutions. May she wear her crown until England is ready to part with crown, and throne, and royalty forever.

### A Woman's Call.

The following beautiful hymn, written by the Rev. John Chadwick, was sung at the ordination of Mrs. Julia Burleigh as minister of the Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, Conn., Oct. 5:—

To preach Good Tidings! this the call  
Heard by Thy chosen one of old!  
And from his heart the tide uprose,  
And from his lips the current rolled.

To preach Good Tidings! once again  
That call is heard to-day!  
And to obey the high command  
Thy servant here is on her way.

Tidings of faith and hope she brings:  
Of faith that cannot doubt or fear,  
But in the darkest hour can trust  
A loving Father ever near;

Of hope for all who live or die,  
For all who sin or suffer pain;  
That all who here must say farewell  
May somehow, somewhere, meet again.

Things of love from God to man;  
Of man love that makes reply;  
Of man for man, of each for all,  
Here and forevermore on high.

O Father! may her word be blest  
To all who love this sacred place;  
Here may they learn to love Thy law,  
And here rejoice to see Thy face.

### A Word for the Babies.

ACCORDING to the census of 1860, we had about eight million of children between the ages of three and fifteen. Let us suppose we have ten millions now. As the holiday season approaches, let us suppose that upon each one of these three dollars are to be spent in toys and presents, and we have the very pretty sum total of thirty millions of dollars spent per year. "Awful, foolish, dreadful extravagance and waste of money!" some will exclaim; and so it seems to us when, in a Gradgrind mood, we sit down to create a perfect world. The "times," too, are rather close. "Let us economize! No more such waste of money, no more toys and tomfoolery, no more catering to their childish whims and wants; let us be practical and sensible." So you say?

Well, we agree to it, too. This country now needs to cure its pecuniary ills—just that, nothing more. It only needs that each man and woman shall spend no more than what he or she earns, and shall not spend it so that it becomes practical waste, as it is when spent on nonsense and folly. But will you begin with the babies? Will you poke your practical and economical finger into a bubble which shines for them

with all the radiant hues of Christmas? Will you put your sensible foot on all the exultant hopes and desires which gather in these childish hearts at this holiday season? Will you insist upon it that bread and meat are enough, and that the fables of Santa Claus are feeble superstitions which ought to be abated?

You are men and women, and perhaps you can do it. You can forget that you were children yourselves once, with like passions and desires as them. You can stand firm on your solid sense and tell them not to cry, but to be sensible as you are, and that they ought to abandon nonsense and folly. But will they believe you? And is it worth the while to make them believe you? And is it true?

Let us paraphrase an Egyptian proverb: "Economy begins at home." Now then we ask you to poke your practical and economical finger into a few of your bubbles. Four segars a day, forty cents at least—is that economy? A bottle of wine a day, \$1.50—is that economy? A dinner at Delmonico's—ten dollars for what costs you one at home—is that economy? A two thousand dollar horse and a thousand dollars a year to keep him—is that economy? And fairest, dearest and best—are you really warmer in a shawl which costs a thousand dollars than in one which costs thirty? Is it nonsense for you—sensible wives and lovely daughters of a sensible working merchant or lawyer or farmer, as you no doubt are—to try to emulate the clothes of an empress who has the purse of an emperor in her pockets, or of the women of the *demi-monde*, who are bubbles of a fleeting and frightful character?

And how do you sensible men and women live? How do you house yourselves, and seat yourselves, and bed yourselves? Is a shelter from the elements, a roof over your head, really economical at three thousand, five thousand, twenty thousand dollars a year? Are those curtains and chairs and sofas and bedsteads, and heaven alone knows what else, really economical inventions which make humanity perfect and fit it to enter the angelic abodes of future bliss? If so, we have no other word to say; but if not, then we say in heaven's name let economy begin; but in heaven's name do not let it begin or end with the babies! Babies have rights, and in these latter days, when we are hunting about for "rights" to defend, we stand for babies' rights! We demand dancing-jacks, seed-cakes, pop-guns, story-books and stockings, and skates and earrings, and folly and nonsense, in *all moderation*. We demand that economy shall begin with the big and not with the little. We are ready to lead the movement with pen and voice. We will publish a call for a monster meeting at the Cooper Institute, signed by all the aggrieved and outraged boys and girls; and then we will send out a baby cry which will ring round the world and make grown-up tyrants tremble. Let them beware!

C. W. E.

### Right and Duty.

At the recent convention in Hartford, briefly noticed in our last paper, Rev. Mr. Wines made an eloquent speech, in the course of which he presented a point of great importance that is too often overlooked. He said:—

A question of right is a question of duty. It is not that women aspire to more power and honors. It has passed out of that realm, in my mind, and come to the position where I maintain, not that women have the right to vote, but that men have the right to demand that they vote. It is not what we want, but what the citizen needs. The true health and welfare of the country requires that women be enlisted in its concerns. How is it that republicanism, especially in New York, has proved such a failure? Simply because the gentlemen of refinement, of position and integrity have staid away from primary meetings, and failed to enter into all the duties that belong to them as citizens of the country. And it is just this thing we need to fight against—this apathy, this alienation of sympathy and effort, that we need to avoid, equally so in one class as in another. What we need is to have women thoroughly brought into sympathy with the true life of the country. What we want is to have women educated and brought to that point wherein their whole life shall be enlarged—shall be forced out of mere domestic concerns which are so largely selfish as compared with the interests of the State. Responsibility and duty bring corresponding enlargement of the whole manhood, and make more and more of women instead of less. As to its tending to turn women aside from their true vocation and make them masculine, you have heard already what masculinity is. The man who is not womanly is not manly; and the woman who has none of the elements of manliness in her is but a pitiful creature at the best.

The late Dr. Choules, after describing in glowing terms the great flower markets in the French metropolis, and their influence upon the masses of the people, says: It is a pleasant thing to see the almost universal passion which exists for flowers. Go through the narrowest streets of Paris, and at the windows of the poorest houses, and up four or five stories, you shall see pots of green things, and gay blooming flowers. I like to watch the faces of the country people who bring in the flowers; they seem to be alive to the beauties of nature; they look as though they had gained some refinement from gazing on these faint reflections of excellence and beauty. These flower markets are pretty things, and they are good things, too. Bad people do not like God's handiworks, and seldom do they care for plants and flowers.

MACAULAY said, "From childhood I have heard nothing but decay, and have seen nothing but progress."



## Ideal Housekeeping.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

"You don't tell me, Sylvia, that she finds time to draw and paint?"

"Of course I do. If you should go into her pretty parlor, and look at the lovely little bits that beam out of the wall, all sketched by her own hand, you would imagine yourself caught in the studio of an artist, and a very good artist, too. Then, on looking around (the room is large, almost as large as her heart), you would perceive a piano and melodeon, perhaps a flute and guitar, with books and sheet-music; and you would begin to think you had strayed into the very court of the Temple of Harmony. But there by the window is a sewing-machine, one of Grover & Baker's (I hope they advertise in the *REVOLUTION*), and there is a little boy's garment lying on the stand, and, near by, a great big motherly basket of work, all cut and basted. The table is covered with books—the best books.

You will perhaps find a volume of Dante, or Goethe's *Faust* open, with a fresh rosebud laid upon the page. Then the windows are bowery with plants and climbing vines. Deep, old-fashioned window-seats, full of verdure and fragrance. No window curtains are needed to exclude the sunshine and save the carpet of these green screens of growing things, with ivy drooping and festooning everywhere, great royal callas, and stately oleanders, and glistening lemon-trees; beautiful, tall fuschias bending their proud necks; stivia, like a fine green mist just touched with frost; geraniums in flower, the healthiest you ever saw—make the prettiest window drapery in the world."

"What a fairy this Theodora must be," said my friend, as she sat absorbed, listening to my raptures.

"No, not a fairy, at all," I returned; "only a large-minded, admirable, modern woman, full of genius and inspiration, with the habits of industry and practical sense of our grandmothers."

"And you say, Sylvia, this wonderful creature does all her own work?"

"Every hand's turn of it. She has never had a servant in her house, except a few days along at the first, when people told her she must do as others do, and take an "intimate enemy" into her kitchen. That single experience was quite sufficient. The dread of being obliged to live constantly with some one who might get intoxicated, or steal the spoons, or purloin pounds of tea and sugar for her relatives, or, worse still, give the baby "drops" when she went out of an afternoon, was too much for her nerves. She determined to rid herself of the annoyance in the easiest way. So she dismissed Biddy—(let me see how many years ago; her oldest boy is ten; yes, nine years ago)—and has never admitted one of the same class into her house since. You see she could not bear to have the atmosphere of her rooms corrupted by the spirit

which too often exists between employer and employed. In fact, she did not want to live under the same roof with a common, coarse sort of person, uncultured in thought and feeling, and ungovernable of tongue, who would perhaps give her back impudence for a civil request. Music and art and the best culture can only flourish in the genial companionship of love. She meant to make her life sweet and sound all through, not with a layer of hate, trickery and antagonism in the kitchen, and a layer of love, light and beauty in the parlor, but with one core of sympathy running clear through. She knew if she did her own housework she should have more labor for her hands, but infinite peace of spirit, and so it has proved. The experiment has continued long enough to be considered a thorough, practical test."

"But think, Sylvia, of all the drudgery connected with doing the work of a whole house. Hasn't it in all these years worn on her spirits, and taken some of the poetry and romance out of her, and made her a little more commonplace and like the rest of us than she used to be? Come, Sylvia, I must pick some flaw in your perfect chrysolite.

"I wish you could see her in her own home," I answered enthusiastically. "Here is what I call ideal housekeeping. There is no notion of drudgery connected with any of it in her mind, down even to the washing of pots and pans. It is all good, needful work. She is simply acting her part—not realizing how well. She is thinking about the comfort of her husband and children, and her thoughts embody themselves in deeds. This is the way the sun shines and the wind blows. When she bakes, she is not baking bread only, but a much finer product that might be named family cheer. The enjoyment of all the beautiful things by which she is surrounded, and which speak to her more vividly than to any one I ever saw, is woven like gold and purple threads through the woof of her life.

She never stops for recreation. She is recreating all the time. When she is making beds up stairs she is singing in her high, clear voice something from Mozart or Beethoven. There is music in her step as she moves overhead. She has set all the windows open, so as to enjoy the glimpses of woods and blue waters while her nimble fingers are busy. Below in the kitchen, there are plants blooming in pots, and pictures upon the walls, that she may have something to live in while she pares the family potatoes. Half an hour after the dinner dishes are washed she is touching the piano in the parlor to some sweet and tender strain of Weber or Chopin; or perhaps, she has drawn out her brushes and is putting some strokes to a little picture on her easel—the bay at evening, perhaps, with a glow in the sky, and a luminous sail.

In her busy life she has still been able to learn three or four languages. There will be a volume of the Italian poets lying upon

her work-table. In a stray moment she picks it up, and all the day one of old Petrarch's love sonnets goes humming through her fancy. Then you ought to hear her talk such wit, such wisdom—such indications of insight flow from her lips. I have sometimes thought her the only *live* person I know. She is awake all over, and the best things of all kinds come to her as doves flock to the window.

"There, I am glad, Sylvia, you have stopped for want of breath. I have been longing to ask you a question for the last half hour, and couldn't get a word in edgewise. I want to know what happened to Theodora when her children were all down with the measles. Did she go on singing and playing and reciting poetry the same as ever?"

"They never have had the measles," I answered triumphantly, "or any other children's disease. Their mother has brought them up so healthfully and naturally they have escaped all those pests. They are wonderfully intelligent. Theodora has taught them everything—not by rote, but through comprehension. They all sing and play on the harp, psalter, sackbut, and shawn for aught I know; but they get their musical genius from the Herr professor. I must leave him and the children until another time."

"Well, Lydia," said my little friend, withdrawing the end of her parasol from between her rosy lips, and eyeing me skeptically, "I believed it all until you came to the children's diseases. That was too much to swallow. You have made it up just as you do your other stories. It all sounds like the 'impossible she' we read about, and I believe it is," and she walked away in the firm conviction that I had been hoaxing her, whereas it is every word true, and I am so glad it is.

## Woman Suffrage in Ireland.

A MEETING was held at Portrush, County Antrim, Ireland, Oct. 2, to hear a lecture on Women's Suffrage by Miss Anna Isabella Robertson. Rev. Alexander Alcock occupied the Chair. The audience was fashionable and attentive, testifying its appreciation by frequent applause. Miss Robertson was received with cheers, and said:—

It is most gratifying to note the rapid advance which the question of the enfranchisement of women has made since last year. The National Society for Women's Suffrage, which has branches in England, Scotland, and Ireland, is daily receiving additional members. From the first, the society was set on foot and supported by some of the deepest thinkers and most intellectual men and women of the day, and now a brilliant array of names adorns its lists. Several learned clergymen of different denominations warmly support the cause. Men of business and heads of great commercial houses are to be found standing in

the ranks of adherents, beside professors and fellows of colleges of every university of note in the three kingdoms. About two hundred members of the present Parliament, of different political parties, including Mr. Disraeli, have voted in favor of Women's Suffrage. The people of the County Antrim will be particularly interested to know that among those members of Parliament is a representative of the great and prosperous city which the county boasts as its capital town. I mean Mr. William Johnston, M. P. for Belfast, who, besides voting in favor of the bill to remove the electoral disabilities of women, has also enrolled his name as a member of the Irish Society for Women's Suffrage.

It has been said that members of Parliament chosen altogether by male voters might remedy all the legal injustices under which women labor; but what guarantee would women possess that succeeding legislators might not bring back the old state of oppression? Until women gain the suffrage themselves they never can be protected against the caprice of their rulers. In the history of the world it will be found that privileges have been sometimes granted to women and then taken from them again, and have been oftener withheld from them altogether for no palpable reason.

In some countries women can reign, whether as despotic rulers or as constitutional sovereigns, and in others they are excluded from the throne; but no one has ever proved that the nations where only male monarchs were permitted were uniformly better governed or more prosperous than where women also were allowed to reign. Hanover would not permit Queen Victoria to ascend the throne of that kingdom. Her Majesty might do well enough to be the sovereign of the British Empire, but she was not good enough for Hanover. But Hanover has lost its king, and the conqueror reigns in his stead. In France no woman could ascend the throne, and royalty there is in no higher favor for that; and, according to its present arrangements, every man in the country, however uneducated, possesses the privilege of the franchise; while no woman in France, however gifted, has any political rights whatever.

These arrangements, excluding women from exercising legitimate political power, have not been productive of such beneficial effects as to make France serve as a brilliant example to other lands of a method in which a country might provide stability and security consistently with liberty, progress and happiness. Apparent caprice and inconsistency toward women may also be pointed out as instanced by France, which would not have a female sovereign, granting now medical degrees to women; whereas, in England, where a woman at present sits upon the throne, no woman, nevertheless, can attain at present the dignity of Doctor of Medicine.

Another inconsistency in the treatment of women may be observed in the matter

of public distinction. Women may enjoy it in some particulars, consistently with receiving the highest possible respect, notwithstanding the idea that it is feminine and graceful to like retirement and to shrink from public notice. Some people think it would be unfeminine for a young lady to have her name published as having won a prize in any solid branch of learning; but they do not think it unfeminine for her to have her dress minutely described in the public papers, when she attends the court in London or the drawing-room at Dublin Castle. When people read in the morning papers that Miss Angelina Blank, of 240 Fitzwilliam Square, wore a train of the richest *poult de soie*, trimmed with puffings of tulle with *jupes* of magnificent lace, and *corsage* ornamented tastefully, they think this publicity is quite right for Miss Angelina Blank; but some of them would not think it so nice to see her name in the paper as having won a prize in history or mathematics. I think we must all agree that the young lady who is thus taught to feel ashamed of intellectual attainments, and proud of wearing the richest lace, will naturally think attending to her dress of more importance than cultivating her mind.

A lady may make a speech to a regiment of soldiers, before an assembled multitude, on the occasion of presenting new colors to the regiment. She may give the name to a ship, likewise in presence of thousands, or lay the foundation-stone of some public building before all eyes; but nobody thinks her unfeminine for doing these things. On the contrary, it is a proof of the respect she is held in that she is asked to do them. She feels it as a compliment, and so do her family, that she has been selected for such distinction. Moreover, there are various positions now filled by women before the eyes of the public, and neither government nor society in general object to them. A woman may sit all day at a street corner, selling fruit at a stall, under the shelter of a dilapidated umbrella; she may gather cockles on the sea-shore; she may sell fish from door to door; she may be the stewardess of a vessel bound to weather all storms; she may let lodgings, and be liable to the intrusion of any one who sees her bill on her window-pane—and nobody has said that these employments are unfeminine. The Government has been careful to exclude women from all *high, well-paid* appointments, except from the highest position in the country; but, as it permits women to engage in almost any low occupation that poverty may drive them to, the fact is proved that it is quite a delusion to imagine that women are debarred from political privilege in order to preserve their refinement.

With reference to public notice, it is the most refined ladies in the country who have their movements chronicled in the newspapers, for all the world to read, in the Fashionable Intelligence; it is precisely the ladies of greatest distinction that we know

most about, whom we are expected to respect the most; and if women see, as they do, the photographs of princesses in the shop-windows, and can ascertain from the public press the hour at which the royal ladies attended divine service on Sunday, and where they drove on Monday, and whom they visited on Tuesday, and so on through all the days of the week, surely no one could expect women with any reasoning powers at all to believe that public notice is in itself so objectionable that women, sooner than run the risk of appearing before the public, had better give up all idea of voting at elections, and securing for their sex the advantage of being able to look after their own interests concerning the laws of the country. At the same time, no compliment can be higher than that paid to women by many opponents of women's suffrage, who are so satisfied with ladies as they are at present that they do not think there is any room for improvement; who fear that if women become in any way different, it must be alteration for the worse, as it would be impossible for them to imagine women better than they are now.

In answer, I may say that, as political power does not make political gentlemen unmannerly, nor make rough men rougher than they were before they attained such power, so I trust that refinement and courtesy may not disappear when other women in this country, besides Her Majesty the Queen, are admitted to some share of political privileges.

Doctor Moore proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Robertson for her very admirable lecture, which was seconded by Mrs. Dickson, of Elmfield, near Belfast, who said the meeting owed much gratitude to Miss Robertson for her instructive address, so gracefully delivered.

A. CHAMNEY.

BOOTHERSTOWN, Ireland, Oct. 7, 1871.

AN American traveler, writing from Mexico, after describing the general structure of the dwellings, and the prevailing feature of having small courtyards or squares within their interior, adds: "What has always excited my admiration upon entering them is the profusion of beautiful flowers everywhere visible, below and above. Immense tubs are placed in rows on every side, filled with odoriferous plants and flowers. I do not believe there are a dozen exceptions to the truth of this description throughout the city. And this picture of the interior arrangements of the dwellings speaks volumes, in my judgment, in favor of the Spanish and Mexican ladies. No bad woman was ever yet a cultivator and passionate admirer of flowers. The emblems of purity, loveliness and innocence themselves, the rose and acacia, the oleander, and their kindred flowers, find no worshippers among the polluted and corrupt. All honor to the beautiful creatures around us, for the love they bear the shrubs and flowers of their sunny clime."

## Words and Works.

CAN a pretty woman be a plain cook?

MRS. FAIR has been refused a new trial.

WHITE ermine will be much worn this Winter.

WOMEN Superintendents of Schools are popular in Iowa.

CASHMERE costumes are elaborately braided this season.

WEDDINGS in church in the evening are becoming fashionable.

SEVEN of the lighthouse keepers on the Atlantic coast are women.

SEVEN thousand women belong to the Internationals of Belgium.

THE Sisters of Mercy of Omaha sent \$5,000 to the relief of Chicago.

WHEN two women lawyers form a partnership do they become sisters-in-law?

WERE promises made by the heart they would not be so often broken by the head.

THE niece of the Pope has taken the veil, under the name of Sister Maria Pia.

MRS. PARTINGTON observes that there is as much difference in folks as in anybody.

MANY a woman has found that the man she thought "a good match" was a Lucifer.

AN American woman is selling Testaments in the streets of Rome without interruption.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS has a fine lecture on "Women of the Old Time and the New."

IT is strange that so many women estimate their worth by the appraisal of worthless men.

A SCHOOL for Jewish girls in the City of Jerusalem is supported by the Baroness de Rothschild.

MISS LOUISA M. ALCOYT still suffers considerably from neuralgia, but keeps busy with her pen.

"MEN and their Whims" is the title of a lecture by Miss Fletcher, of the Des Moines Register.

THE title of George Eliot's new story is Midleamarch. It will be a tale of English provincial life.

THE little girl who, for lack of dollars, sent her three dolls to Chicago, was the idol of the family.

MRS. ERNESTINE L. ROSE has made a marked and favorable impression by her lectures in England.

WHILE a woman with a sick child in her arms was being tried in an English police court, the child died.

SHOWY jewelry has had its day, and is considered vulgar. The prevailing style favors richness with simplicity.

THE New England Woman Suffrage Association will hold its second Bazaar at Music Hall, Boston, commencing December 11.

MAGGIE MITCHELL sent a check for \$500 for the benefit of the actors and actresses of Chicago who lost everything in the great fire.

ERNEST REUZ, a famous circus rider of Brussels, says the horses of the Queen of Belgium are better educated than their owner.

MRS. M. DE WOLF ROGERS has given a collection of rare books, worth \$3,000, and \$10,000 to the Redwood Library at Newport, R. I.

MRS. LILLIE PECKHAM, the eloquent and promising young woman lecturer of the Northwest, died from the effects of a Turkish bath.

MADAME PLETET has resigned the professorship of piano-playing, which is a stool instead of a chair, in the Brussels Conservatory of Music.

HARRIET HOSMER is said to be the most industrious of all the American artists in Italy. She seldom leaves Rome or her studio, even in the summer.

A LITTLE girl in the country, after looking into the evening sky intently for a few minutes, asked her mother if the stars were not the moon's chickens.

NILSSON's favorite ornamental design is a horse-shoe. Perhaps she is afraid of witches, and then again she may have loved a blacksmith some time.

THE Central Suffrage Association of this city are arranging for a series of public meetings in different parts of the city, and a grand meeting in some central hall.

GEN. GRANT is said to have kissed six hundred girls at the reception given him at Bangor. How could he keep his cigar out of his mouth long enough to do it?

WE learn with pleasure that Mrs. Abby Sage Richardson has already engaged to give fifty readings this Winter. She is one of the very best readers in the country.

A MRS. CONWAY has been awarded the contract for building a railway in Maryland, and already has her workmen busily engaged in digging, carting and track-laying.

IT is considered unfashionable to wear bracelets less than two inches wide. Those who put so much gold on their wrists usually wear brass in their faces and gilt on their tongues.

THE Chicago divorce records are consumed, and repentant couples may mate again without material inconvenience, unless they have foolishly fastened their heads in another yoke.

AN observing editor has discovered that the crime of jerking the hair out of his wife's head is not as sinful as it formerly was. It is just as ungentlemanly, but it doesn't hurt as it used to.

MISS MARY NICHOLS, of Plinston, N. H., has been presented with a gold watch, chain and pin, for being "a model Christian woman." Verily! virtue hath her rewards in the Good State.

GRACE DARLING and Ida Lewis have a rival in an Irish lady, who, when men refused to face the storm, rowed out to a wrecked brig near the mouth of the Boyne and rescued a man left on the sinking hulk.

THE women of Leavenworth, Kansas, have subscribed, for an illuminated clock, in order that their husbands may be able to see when to come home in the evening, and have no excuse for keeping late hours.

FOOLISH Englishwomen have not yet recovered from the "Alexandra limp." Perhaps the reported fashion of wearing the mouth partly open is the result of a rumor that Queen Victoria is becoming imbecile.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Woman's Journal* says:—"I never read an article advising girls or women seeking employment to go out to service, that I don't feel inclined to ask the writer, 'Did you ever try it yourself?'"

FANNY ELLISLER, the once celebrated danseuse, lives quietly at the Hague, and spends most of her time in raising flowers, among which roses are her special favorites. She is in her sixty-first year, and is highly esteemed for her kindness and charity.

At the Universalist Convention in Springfield last week the women held an interesting meeting, from which it appeared that the women of Massachusetts contributed \$12,500 toward the Memorial Fund in Massachusetts.

MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE preached at East Boston last Sunday morning, and in the evening lectured on "What shall we do with our Daughters?" If she cannot answer this important question we know not who can.

ROSELLA HOMAN, a Brooklyn seamstress, had \$15,000 awarded her by the court in a breach of promise suit against A. T. Carle, a wealthy church member. Rich lovers must be careful how they scatter promises about.

THE *Saturday Review*, in speaking of costumes at church, says that "dress ever was, and will ever be, as webs spread in the way of woman's righteousness. No doubt Eve frilled her apron of fig leaves before she had worn it a day."

THE sister of M. Erckmann, one of the joint authors of the Erckmann-Chatrian tales, lived in Phalsbourg during the siege under Napoleon I. She survived until the late war, saw her native town a second time beleaguered, and died during that second siege.

THE American Woman Suffrage Association holds a convention in Philadelphia, Nov. 22 and 23. Mrs. Hannah M. T. Cutler is President, and Lucy Stone Blackwell represents the Executive Committee. We hope it will prove a profitable and memorable occasion.

ROBERT COLLYER's son was to have been married on a Tuesday evening, but house, church, furniture and all were burned the day before. On Wednesday the wedding took place, the young bride being dressed in a calico gown, the only dress she saved from the fire.

SOME Boston women sent a number of seamstresses to Chicago with an ample supply of material for making such articles of clothing as the women and children of that city are most in need of. Those Boston women have learned that adding wit to charity doubles both.

MRS. GENERAL LANDER, the distinguished actress, was not so unfortunate at the Chicago fire as has been represented. Through the kindness of a total stranger she was taken from the Tremont House beyond the limits of the fire, losing none of her theatrical wardrobe or other luggage.

MR. A. T. STEWART is doing his utmost to deserve the title of Woman's Benefactor. He headed the subscription for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers with \$50,000, which he requested should be specially devoted to the needs of poor working women, widows and children.

MISS SARAH E. HORNER, of Georgetown, Mass., has been elected to a professorship in the University of Florida, at Tallahassee. Miss Horner has for twenty years been an efficient and popular teacher in the public schools of Georgetown, and recently has acted as a member of the School Committee.

SEAL-SKIN Jackets are made plain, and fastened with heavy buttons or loops. They should be lined with heavy silk, quilted. The muff and collar are lined in the same manner, and may be worn independently of the jacket. Seal-skins trimmed with otter and sable are worn but do not gain much in popular favor.

THE government of New South Wales has lately officially announced that it will hereafter make no opposition to women operating in the



telegraph offices. A Melbourne paper says women are to be employed in the postoffice there, and into various other employments formerly monopolized by men the gentler sex are steadily pushing their way.

PHILADELPHIA may take comfort. Her medical students are not the only professional roughs in the world. The students of Königsberg have made a raid upon the young women who were attending lectures in that university, and the statutes—which contain no provision for such students—provide no redress for the sufferers. Chivalric young gentlemen!

A YOUNG woman in Racine, Wis., recently fainted in church, and after exhaustive efforts to restore her the physician pronounced her dead. In the midst of preparations for her funeral she began to show signs of life, and presently recovered. Her restoration overpowered her friends with delight, and overwhelmed her physician with chagrin.

ELLEN G. MILLER, M.D., of Philadelphia, demanded to have her name registered as a voter last September, but it was refused. She afterwards applied with her counsellor, who stated the grounds of asking the registry of her name, and it was then registered. But when she appeared at the polls her vote was challenged. She has commenced a suit in the Court, and the case will be heard soon.

PRINCE ALEXIS is betrothed to the Princess Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Prince Frederick Charles, one of the leaders of the German army. So our American girls may as well keep their charms for young men who have nobility without its titles. The girl who wants a man with a crown should marry the man who needs no crown to make him kingly, and help him win the only crown worth the wearing.

SOME of our New York belles have responded to the appeals for Chicago by sending their old party dresses to the destitute women of that city. Did the simple-minded creatures imagine that Chicago women want fiances and trills to clothe themselves with and to work in, or did they think that it was an excellent opportunity to clear out their wardrobes and enable them to pitch their sweet voices to the tune of "Nothing to Wear?"

MRS. STANTON, when asked if she thought that girls possessed the physique necessary for the wear and tear of a college course of study, replied: "I would like to see you take thirteen hundred young men and lace them up, and hang ten to twenty pounds weight of clothes to their waists, perch them upon three-inch heels, cover their heads with ripples, chignons, rats and mice, and stick ten thousand hair pins into their scalps; if they can stand all this, they can stand a little Latin and Greek."

MATILDA JOSLYN GAGE has prepared an excellent little Catechism for general distribution, for which it is peculiarly well adapted. She asks:—"Is woman's life protected the same as a man's life?" Her answer is: "No; all protection comes through the ballot. If a woman is a criminal, she is accused by laws she had no hand in framing; tried before judges she had no voice in electing; judged by a jury not of her peers, and condemned or acquitted, as these combined forces decide."

MISS MARY H. GRAVES is soon to be ordained as minister of the Unitarian church in Mansfield, Mass. She is a native of North Reading, Mass., and a graduate of the State Normal School. She preached several months in Earl-

ville, Ill., and was invited to settle there, but preferred to labor in the East. She is a friend of Rev. Olympia Brown, and Mrs. Hanaford has written a hymn for ordination. She will be the second woman in the Unitarian pulpit, and has our every wish for her success.

A NUMBER of tax-paying, non-voting women of Lenox, Mass., have contributed one hundred and thirty dollars, through the *New York Times*, to the subscription in aid of "The Committee of Seventy." They have given this money, they say, "because the success of the effort to establish an honest and efficient government in the largest city of the Union is a matter of vital importance to every man and woman in the United States." These intelligent, public-spirited women, who watch with absorbing interest the politics of the whole country, are debarred from taking part in the more insignificant town-meeting of their own section, or casting a vote for path-master or school trustee. Does not this look singularly inconsistent to a right-minded people?

GRACE GREENWOOD says:—I was amused while at Sherman by watching a little five-year-old vender of quartz crystals who stood behind a rude counter near the railroad track carrying on a brisk trade with the passengers. It was a very small girl, with a very large bonnet—a quaint, droll little figure which Leech would have delighted to sketch. The wind was high, and had a way of snatching off her bonnet, just as she was engaged in making change, or putting her little porte-monnaie into her little pocket. She alternated her commercial transactions with struggles to retain or regain her preposterous head-covering. To increase her embarrassment, I flung her some fruit, and the last I saw of her she had just succeeded in capturing a pair, which had rolled down an embankment, and was again in wild pursuit of her bonnet.

THE Iowa Woman Suffrage Society has just closed its annual session at Des Moines. Many friends of universal suffrage from all parts of the State were present, and actively and earnestly engaged themselves in the proceedings. The convention was largely attended by attentive and respectful hearers, and continued through one day and two evenings. Very able addresses were delivered by Mrs. Spaulding, of Burlington; V. R. Cole, of Mt. Pleasant; Mrs. Savery and Mr. Fuller, of Des Moines; and Mrs. Darwin, of Burlington; and shorter addresses by many others. The executive committee and secretaries reported considerable progress in those parts of the State in which special efforts have been made and discussions carried forward. Arrangements have been made with agents for canvassing the entire State during the coming year, and organizing those parts not already organized.

GRACE GREENWOOD is at Salt Lake City, with which she is quite delighted. She says one is first struck by the generous width of the streets and the vast number of trees. Few of the dwelling houses are elegant or tasteful, but they all look comfortable and sufficiently homelike. Embowered by foliage, they have a singularly secluded air. Some of them might have more tidy surroundings, and a brighter, livelier, more hospitable look, but I remarked nothing particularly sombre, pagan or polygamous about them. The poorest and smallest houses seemed to me an infinite advance on the homes of the English and Welsh laborers I had seen abroad.

The little streams of clear mountain water running through all the streets, are a bright, peculiar feature; but pleasanter even than running water is the appearance everywhere of quiet industry, and brave enterprise, order and sobriety. Let us confess that this strange people under their remarkable leader, have done a great work in rescuing this region from the desolation and sterility of uncounted ages—in causing beauty and plenty to smile under the shadow of the dark mountains and along the shore of the sluggish salt sea.

PAUL HEINTZNER "Travels," printed in 1598, contains the following curious picture of Queen Elizabeth: "She was said to be fifty-five years old. Her face was rather long, white and somewhat wrinkled; her eyes small, black and gracious; her nose somewhat bent, her lips compressed; her teeth black (from eating too much sugar). She had earrings of pearls, red hair (but artificial), and wore a small crown. Her breast was uncovered (as is the case with all unmarried ladies in England), and around her neck was a chain with precious gems. Her hands were graceful, her fingers long. She was of middle size, but stepped on majestically. She was gracious and kind in her address. The dress she wore was of white silk, with pearls as large as beans. Her cloak was of black silk, with silver lace, and a long train was carried by a marchioness. She spoke English, French and Italian; but she knew also Greek and Latin, and understood Spanish, Scotch and Dutch. Wherever she turned her eyes people fell on their knees. When she came to the door of the chapel books were handed to her, and the people called out, 'God save the Queen Elizabeth!' whereupon the Queen answered, 'I thank you, myn good people.'"

EDNAH DEAN PROCTOR has written a volume detailing her sights and impressions during a two years' journey in Russia and its dependencies. The book is written in a tasteful and often elegant style, and is full of vivid descriptions and valuable information, and will prove a contribution to our literature creditable alike to the author and her sex. One of her chapters gives a graphic and charming account of her visit to a company of gipsies which she found encamped on a plain, with no visible means of subsistence, yet happy and content as if they all had been kings and queens. Most of the men were absent, probably on some pilfering expedition, or plying their small trades in the town; but women and children of all ages swarmed round the droskies of the travelers, from the withered crone, whose tanned and wrinkled skin drawn tightly over her bones made her look like a veritable mummy, and set you wondering why the winds of the steppe had not long before blown her away, to the velvet-checked, six months old baby that laughed and crowed and held up its fat brown hands beneath the shelter of its mother's shawl. Fine-limbed and erect, with lustrous hair and piercing eyes, many of them would have been exceedingly handsome but for the hardness and roughness of their lives. Their dress was like that of the poorest Russian peasants—a wrap of coarse cloth or sheepskin—but there was a picturesqueness all their own in the handkerchief tied round the head like a turban, and the shawl draping the well-formed shoulders. All wore ear-rings and trinkets, and one had a medal with an image in relief of Christ on the cross—doubtless a mere unknown amulet to her on whose brown neck it hung.

## THE REVOLUTION.

W. T. CLARKE, Editor.

This journal is devoted to the interests of Woman and Home Culture. Items of intelligence, articles and communications are solicited. Contributions must be short, pointed and important, and invariably addressed to the Editor. Articles will be returned when requested, if the postage is inclosed. Terms: **THREE DOLLARS** per year, payable in advance. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Orders, Bank Checks or Drafts, or Registered Letters. Papers are forwarded until ordered discontinued, and all arrearages paid, as required by law. In writing on business, always give the name of post-office and State. Address,

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### Her Peculiar Sphere.

THE advocates of woman's enfranchisement are constantly met with the objection that it would act unfavorably upon home, which is her peculiar sphere. Woman was made for home. To make home what it should be—the pleasantest and dearest spot on earth—is her mission. Wife, mother, housekeeper are written in the constitution of woman, indicating her work and deciding her place in the world. Home is woman's kingdom, and of that realm she is nature's anointed queen. And whatever tends to draw her thought and interest away from the satisfactions and duties of the household is at war with the best interests of society, and an attempt to drag her out of the peculiar sphere to which she has been assigned alike by natural aptitudes and immemorial usage.

We all agree that home is woman's peculiar estate. She has peculiar fitnesses for its offices, and all her tastes, faculties and ambitions culminate in its perfect ordering and ideal loveliness. The Maker of woman put a Home in the bottom of her heart, and whatever else she may long for or aspire to, she never quite loses sight of the pictured loveliness of the ideal home set in her soul. The most debased and degraded woman on earth feels the memory of home pulling like an angel at her heart-strings, and lifts up her tear-dimmed eyes in prayer that heaven may give what earth has refused.

Home is woman's peculiar sphere. Yet while our opponents always remember this fact in argument how many of them remember it in practice! How many of our women are mistresses in the households they fill with care, love and service? How many of our women rule in this their acknowledged kingdom? Our household queens, how numerous are they? Here is woman's peculiar sphere, and how many of our women are left free to manage in it in their own way?

Of course the wife must live in the place her husband chooses; she submits usually without complaint. Does he leave her there to furnish her peculiar sphere according to

her own taste? By no means. In nine cases out of ten he selects the furniture, carpets, upholstery and ornaments. His taste, or want of taste, appears in the pictures on the walls and the images and articles of *virtu* that add more than they adorn. He decides how many servants are to be employed, the style of living to be kept up, the general order of the establishment and what company shall be invited. The clothes for the children are according to his taste, and he gives orders for the dinner. When he is at home everything must submit to his will, accommodate his wishes, flatter his whims. The house is his castle, and the queen—she is his humble servant in all things. In her peculiar sphere the husband gives orders like a general, and is absolute as the Sultan in his dominions.

We are not making a complaint, but simply stating the fact. Here is woman's acknowledged sphere, yet in nine cases out of ten the man is supreme in it. Not that he means to be a tyrant. If he is despotic, he is usually unconscious of it, and would be ashamed of the part he plays on the domestic stage if he could sit with others in the box and behold his acting. He has not the remotest idea that he resembles the fox or the rattlesnake in the barrow of the prairie dog. His supremacy came naturally enough. His superior knowledge of men and things, and the administrative ability developed by business life, fit him to command, and doing it in the counting-room or on the farm he acquires the habit of supremacy and orders whoever will obey. His wife first yields to his superior knowledge and energy. It is so pleasant to a weak, loving woman to be relieved of some burdens that she unconsciously surrenders point after point until the whole is gone. And then she soothes herself with the opiate that as he pays the bills he ought to do as he pleases, and her peculiar sphere contracts and shrivels until it becomes invisible.

But shall a man have no rights in his own house? Is he, who furnishes the supplies, and is legally bound to pay for every article that is consumed in the establishment, to have no voice in the management of its affairs? Do you propose to turn a man out of his own house, or reduce him to the position of a mere boarder in it, or, at the best, a silent partner in the concern!

By no manner of means. This is not our view of the ideal situation. We merely point out the glaring inconsistency between the preaching and the practice of the opponents of woman's enfranchisement. They declaim at the top of their lungs about woman's peculiar sphere, and then rob her of it. They grow poetical in reciting the praises of home, of which woman is the head, and heart, and sweetness, and everything else, and make her a mere lay figure at her own fire-side. They go into ecstasies over the position of woman as the queen of the family-circle, and make her simply the head-servant of the establishment. What we say to these critics is,

Make woman supreme in the household, and then we will argue with you. Establish the wife in her peculiar sphere, leaving her free to order everything in it in her own way, as its natural head, and then it will be time enough to refuse her the ballot because of her preoccupation in governing elsewhere. No. The whole thing is a pretense and a sham. Home is not woman's peculiar sphere in a sense that excludes from it the interest, the thought, the taste, the energy, the love of man. The headship of a true home is dual. It takes Adam and Eve to make an Eden. Husband and wife together, out of their mutual loves, tastes, ideas and aims, each connecting and supplementing the other, weave the fadeless tapestry, and decorate the walls with figures and fancies and feelings that neither can create alone, and no money can purchase. Only when they two work lovingly together does the true home ever rise, and out of their union and wise interworking it never fails to come. And what our homes need to-day to make them perfect, is just this perfect union and blending of husband and wife in living helpfulness.

The idea that home is woman's peculiar sphere is a modern heresy, the counterpart of the still greater heresy that everything outside of home is the peculiar privilege and right of man. Men profess to yield the less only that they may keep the greater, and throw down this poor fallacy of woman's peculiar sphere merely to divert attention for the moment, while they secure their prerogative forever. But, as home suffers without the interest and thought and executive force of man to balance woman's finer feeling and more delicate ministrations, so the State and all the public interests of the world suffer for want of the qualities that woman alone can bring to their relief. The State, like the home, will be misruled until it has a dual head. Man and woman together make home holy; and only man and woman together can save society and re-create the world.

### Concerning Dress.

It is only a slight variation in outline, tint and form which makes a human face beautiful or ugly. So it is with costume. Our present mode of dress, altered and pruned a little to meet the demands of health, common sense and convenience, would be all we need ask. But the uglinesses, deformities and follies of dress are the things our women are least willing to relinquish. The fashionable belle holds on tenaciously to her disgusting panier and filthy, trailing skirt, although sensible people everywhere lift up their voices in remonstrance. The one right she insists upon exercising, is the right to make herself uncomfortable or hideous under the sanctions of fashion.

We doubt whether the ridicule of editors, or strictures from the pulpit and writers of both sexes, ever abbreviated the day of a fashionable absurdity by the fraction of a



minute. Such things will have their run however much we scold or preach. They are taken like measles and whooping-cough, and the worst of it is there is generally enough to go all round and infect the smallest country villages.

Still, as the "thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns," so the thoughts of women are enlarged, and gradually we see the ameliorating influence of better education and improved culture in matters of dress. We do not ask for a revolution in the costume of our women, but merely a modification of dress as it at present exists. Enlarge the girth of the waist, give free play to the heart and lungs, support the weight of clothing so that it shall not rest upon the hips, healthfully protect the feet and the vital organs, and then add such ornamentation as the finest taste dictates. Women have yet to learn that the requisites of health and convenience can be met without spoiling outlines or injuring effects. Their outlines are so badly spoiled already, and their notions of beauty so thoroughly vitiated by the teachings of French *modistes*, that the artistic sense must be nurtured far beyond the point it has yet attained before we see much good dressing in our streets or drawing-rooms.

Other things being equal, women would sooner dress healthfully than unhealthfully could they be made to believe that healthful dressing means dressing well; but they have gone so far wrong they believe a contracted waist, pinched hands and feet, an impeded circulation with consequent torpidity of the digestive organs, essential to good looks. Slow self-destruction is a sacrifice to petty vanity, and often brings out a spirit of martyrdom worthy a better cause. Women deform themselves before a senseless, tasteless Moloch, very much as savages cut and hack their bodies to propitiate an angry god. They are trying to satisfy a vitiated sense of beauty, and never, until true ideas are given them in place of the fetish they now worship, will they wake up to the fact that beauty and ease and health can be combined.

It is vain to inveigh against extravagance in dress. Our American people believe in good clothes. They are rich, and with a certain naive childishness run out into the street to display their big diamonds and heavy silks. It is to be hoped that with a little more age will come an increased sense of the fitness of things, so that without adopting the ugly styles of English women we shall adopt their sensible notions in regard to quiet street costumes. Our women know little or nothing of the independence such a mode bestows; and when once learned we are sure they would not be willing to resign its advantages.

A woman who respects herself can no more afford to disregard than she can afford to give too much time and thought to appearance. A careless, untidy woman is as bad as one eaten up with fashion and display. Women should study to dress well,

first finding out what *well* means when applied to dress. In short, it requires a woman of culture to dress well, and culture will be her best ornament in the end. Try to make people forget what you have on is a good rule. If our girls were impressed with the thought that the person must be more than belongings, the finest, most harmonious style of dress would soon appear. As it is, clothes tyrannize almost hopelessly over the average female mind, and in too many cases there is more dress than woman.

### Reading Up.

A LITTLE girl was trying hard to read a book beyond her comprehension, and asked her mother the pronunciation and meaning of almost every second word. "That book is too old for you, darling," said her mother; "pray take a smaller one." "But, ma, mayn't I read up?" asked the daughter, in plaintive tones.

There was more meaning in the little girl's question than appears at first. It indicates the whole philosophy of profitable reading. One reason that so much of our reading is useless, a mere waste of time, is that the reader is required to make no effort of thought or imagination, no concentration of mind, to take in the whole meaning of the author. It is a reading *down* on a lower level of idea and sentiment than the reader naturally moves upon. It makes no demand on the intellect. It does not summon all the faculties into exercise. It simply affords entertainment, without the effort which expands the mind and the exercise which invigorates and strengthens the faculties. And the more people read *down* the weaker they become in mind and the less able to think nobly and feel grandly. Finally they lose all taste for high themes, and all capacity for works and subjects which require exertion of mind to master and are really nutritious and helpful.

And we are sorry to confess that most of the reading of women is of this character. It is made up very largely of poor fiction, or the gossip of papers which is worse than poor fiction. Men ask each other if they have read this work of science or that on finance; they invariably ask women if they have read the last novel, or poem, or the account of Mrs. Brown's party. It is taken for granted that all women read *down*. And the fact that so many women read *down* is one reason why they lack the vigor of mind, the intellectual discipline, the capacity to deal with great questions of public policy, the interest in things and themes of general moment and uplifting influence, and sometimes even the ability to meet the occasions of their own life with intelligence and character. Almost every instance of intellectual incapacity among women who read at all, can be traced directly to this pernicious habit of reading *down*.

Our women want a new and more engaging interest in the noblest thoughts, the large measures of public welfare, and the

things and themes which are fitted to expand the mind, enrich the life, and ennoble the character. And this can only come by constantly *reading up*, selecting those books which require thought, attention and effort to comprehend and enjoy. The more they read such books the more will they find in them to please as well as to profit, and the more they will find reading the open door of an ideal world whose beauties and truths make the actual world more lovely and beneficent. Let every woman read up, and we shall no longer hear the complaint that woman is inferior in intellect to man, or that she lacks interest in the greatest things and themes.

ONE of the first things our women need to be emancipated from is the pettiness of their ordinary life. Much of every woman's life must be given to little things, but the woman who gives herself up to them fritters herself away. Interest in great things, generous purposes, noble aims an absorbing devotion to some object or cause outside of the petty circle of private and domestic concerns are needed by every woman to expand and invigorate her mind and ennoble her character. Many a woman seems to be merely a living hook and eye holding a family together, or elegant pin on a family shawl, or the centre-piece in a domestic establishment, because she has surrendered herself to the details of her lot until the woman in her soul has shrunk to the most diminutive dimensions. A noble enthusiasm would be the salvation of many a woman's mind.

At the recent meeting of the Social Science Association Miss Davis protested against the notion that the education of women was much more advanced in America than in England. She had lately seen two French ladies who kept a school near Paris which was much frequented by English and American girls, and these ladies told her that the American girls were quite uneducated when they went to Europe, for, though they professed to have some knowledge of aesthetics and psychology, they were quite uneducated so far as all useful knowledge was concerned. Miss Davis has yet to learn that American girls who know anything useful or have any common sense do not go to French boarding schools.

WE welcome and invite articles, correspondence and items of interest from friends of woman's enfranchisement and elevation in all parts of the country. Those who wish their communications returned if not used will please inclose the postage. But we beg our friends to remember that this paper is not published for the benefit of contributors but for readers, and that we shall use whatever is sent us as material for making just the best paper we possibly can. The caterer does not prepare his dinner for the benefit of market-men, but for the enjoyment of his guests. Any contributor who does not wish a contribution adapted to our columns will please inform us of the fact. All articles to be inserted must be short. An article of over a column must have a double quantity of shortening in it to insure acceptance.

THE woman who makes herself truly useful does something for the world but more for herself.

## Correspondence.

## What Should be Done.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

I VENTURE ONE or two suggestions in reference to the suffrage movement, for which I have labored some. I shall, during this week, I hope, bring to a hearing two cases in the Supreme Court of this District, brought by Mrs. Spencer and other women, for refusing their votes at our April election.

I believe that, under the Fourteenth amendment, all women have the right of suffrage. I think it best to have this question determined by the Supreme Court of the United States, and shall, if beaten here, take the cases up. It will take two years to accomplish this. Mean time, much can be done to educate the public.

After all, I do not know if it makes much difference how the courts decide this question. It is not so much law and favorable decisions of the courts that we want, nor yet the countenance of members of Congress, as a strong and growing demand by women for the suffrage. We want societies and clubs in every township and village; and more can at this time be done in this direction than any other. Discussions in Legislatures and Congress do much educationally, and I hope something in this way from my cases; but we want a strong, steady, temperate demand from women themselves.

I have, so far as I could, encouraged women to offer their votes. It requires a good deal of nerve to do this, and the dread and terror of voting is much in the way of success. I want to have women accustom themselves to going to the polls, to have others see them do it, and that the public generally should become used to the sight, and then the work is nearly done. And until the Supreme Court of the United States decides that women are *not* now entitled to vote, this offer of votes can be repeated, and with good effect. If the court is with us, then we shall be ready for work.

In one of the townships of Ohio, at the recent State election, nine of the most respectable women offered to vote, and their votes came near being received. I would see these offers repeated and multiplied, until the world shall understand that women are in earnest, and their demand must be granted.

An article in the last REVOLUTION, entitled, "In Massachusetts," is full of sound suggestion and useful comment. I am glad to see that Mrs. Lezier, Mrs. Wilbour, and others, propose a new organization in New York, that shall put suffrage upon its own merits, free from other burdens. I am willing to accept help from all, but I am not willing that they shall overwhelm this cause with abominations. There is not a collapsed wind-bag or a stranded humbug in the land but that wants the help of this movement to lift him out into notice. We cannot afford to do that sort of work.

I shall have the argument of my cases re-

ported on both sides, and perhaps publish it, or a synopsis of it.

May success attend you.

A. G. RIDDLE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 25, 1871.

## Earnest Workers.

To the Editor of the Revolution :

WHAT the cause of Universal Suffrage most needs, is the co-operation of both sexes to improve the condition of humanity everywhere by manifesting an earnest zeal for the right, and a strong determination to oppose wrong in all its forms. The ministration of good women is needed in our jails and asylums. Their influence is particularly required in the temperance cause and in the cure of the social evil.

I sometimes ask myself will the women of America, when admitted to the ballot, have the courage to attack these monster evils? When I heard Susan B. Anthony hissed while in the act of uttering wholesome but unpalatable truths to a San Francisco audience, I realized as never before what the women of this land might expect if they dared attack the evils of society! Do you think the base men and women, who grow rich from any business that appeals to the lower appetites, are going to release their unholy grasp upon the besotted portions of the community without a violent struggle? Those who think so do not understand human nature. Like the shrine-makers of the goddess Diana, their "craft is in danger of being set at naught," and they will oppose with bitter persecution those who attempt to liberate the race from their dominion.

If the women who contend for the ballot are merely desirous to gain the honors and rewards of office, to obtain eclat and hear the huzzas of the world sounded in their ears, they will signally fail! They may obtain a present reward, but at the risk of all true success and progress. Only those can finally sit on thrones who are ready "to be baptized with the baptism" of suffering, or "drink the cup" of stern adherence to duty. It will be no light task to assume the duties which our country has in store for those resolute souls who plainly see what is needed, and have the courage to attempt radical reform. The intrigue and corruption now so prevalent in our party politics, like a huge cancer, need the skill and nerve of a master-hand to remove.

The heroism lately shown in Washington by a few women in grappling with one of the greatest evils of society in a new way, by the invisible forces of purity and gentleness, has never been witnessed before. No missionary to foreign shores has displayed greater courage than these noble women have shown. Let the good women and men of our country unite with like earnestness in every great and good cause, and, above all, in the cause of woman's enfranchisement, and our success is assured.

SARAH A. TALBOT.

OAKLAND, CAL., Oct., 1871.

## Miscellaneous.

## My Rose.

THE night is cold; the moon is ringed  
With haze; prophecy of snow,  
And frozen lies the outer world,  
But in my heart is Summer glow.

The fire burns low, the light is dim;  
I hear late footsteps harrying by;  
Some one doth shout "The night is cold!"  
Unhappy one—not blest as I.

I know not solitude or chill;  
For all the cold and shadowy room  
Melts into fragrant forest aisles,  
And meadows honey-sweet with bloom.

Because—because I feel a Rose  
Steeped in the sunlight of the South,  
Red-petaled, sweet and velvet-soft,  
Yet lingering upon my mouth.

And never solitude or chill  
Can enter into humblest room  
Where such a Rose but comes to touch  
And thrill a life-time with its bloom.

—Harper's Weekly.

## Silent Wives.

A WRITER in the *Atlantic* on the "Bed-lams of Stamboul" says:—

In my opinion one prolific source of insanity lies in certain mediæval customs which obtain among the Christian sects. Early marriages are the rule; each son, therefore, brings his bride to his father's house, which is gradually enlarged to suit the requirements of an increasing family. So many mistresses under one roof would certainly raise it, did not etiquette exact from each bride a Carthusian silence, which is rigidly and often heartlessly enforced by every capricious mother-in-law. For years—I have known it to last thirty, and have heard of one authentic case lasting eighty—she may not speak unless first addressed, and must then reply in whispered monosyllables. For one month after her marriage the *gulin*, or bride, cannot open her lips, under any pretext whatever, and for a year does not quit the house or see any of her relatives. Even her husband cannot converse with her, much less make her the slightest gift, without the permission of the heads of the family; whilst for her to laugh in his presence, to put a question to his parent, or air a dimple before his maiden aunts, would be a gross violation of social etiquette. I have known one uxorious husband, pitying the melancholy of his wife, to smuggle in candles under his cap; and on one occasion, as he himself narrates, so many hours elapsed before he could transfer the gift that it softened and trickled down his face, exposing him to the rebukes and jeers of the household.

When visitors call, these brides sit mute, and are ignored by all present as if they were children out of the nursery on good behavior. Under all circumstances this polite fiction must be observed. Even in professional visits, I confess *culpa mea*, *culpa maxima mea*, to having done the proper thing, by barely addressing a word to the poor invalid, although perhaps herself a mother, and by limiting my questions to the bustling mistress of the house, who would describe the aches of her daughter-in-law with all the artless detail of a mamma whose infant had just cut a tooth or was about to take to the bottle. A monotony of life so dreary, a social bondage so hateful, to girlish instincts often lead to insanity or to kindred



disorders; and this result would be invariable were there not an antidote, a sort of mental bezoar. A wholesome vent to long-pent-up silence is here found in violent hysterical explosions, in outrageous fits of temper, and especially in the most frightful mutilations over the dead, not only of their own kindred, but of a whole district.

### Marriage in Heaven.

MARRIAGE on earth seems such a counterfeit, Mere imitation of the inimitable : In heaven we have the real and true and sure : 'Tis there they neither marry nor are given In marriage, but are as the angels—right. O, how right that is! how like Jesus Christ To say that! marriage-making for the earth, With gold so much—birth, power, repasts so much! Or beauty, youth so much, in lack of these! Be as the angels rather, who apart, Know themselves into one, are found at length Married; but marry never; no, nor give In marriage: they are man and wife at once When the true time is.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE "Daughter of Heth," contains the following illustration of the sly, dry humor of a Lowland Scot:—The minister, Mr. Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving a short day's work, as he "left off at sunset, while his neighbors were known to thrash their grain with candle-light." "Weel, sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannil licht, I'll dae yer wull." Next day, at noon, Mr. Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure. "Why this folly and waste?" said Mr. Gillies, pointing to the candle. "Dinna ye mind, sir," said Peter, "thit you wantit the corn thrashed w' cannil licht!" The minister replied, angrily, "Peter, you shall have no more candles." Some days after, Mr. Gillies was to set out on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the cow, saddled and bridled. "I wish I ha'ena make a mistak, sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannil, it's no muckle wonder that I hae pit the saddle on the wrang beast."

GRACE GREENWOOD has been deeply impressed by the grand scenery of Colorado. She writes that thus far on this journey across the continent, I have failed to be oppressed by the weary sense of desolation and monotony I have heard so many complain of. Even when after rising in the morning, I looked out to see only "sage-brush, rock and alkali—alkali, rock and sage," this strange, wild, forsaken region, this fierce, untamable, outlaw land had not lost for me its grand novelty, its sombre interest. The widest, wildest level plain has to me not only grandeur, but absolute beauty—a sort of savagely peaceful and sullenly sublime beauty marvellously suggestive of immensity of infinity. What divine affluence, what magnificent abandonment is here! How rich must nature be to afford to throw away so much? Once I saw from the bluffs above Denver, a mirage—

the delusive shining of waters away out on the arid plain. It seemed to me it was the phantom, the troubled ghost of the sea that once sounded and surged over that silent, motionless waste of sand. On our way through Echo Canon was one long panorama of grand and lovely views. The rocks on the right are peculiarly bold in form and of indescribable beauty and variety of coloring.

A TURKISH breakfast comprises about thirty dishes. Soon after the first dish comes lamb, roasted on the spit, which must never be wanting at any Turkish banquet. Then follow dishes of solid and liquid, sour and sweet, in the order of which a certain kind of recurring change is observed, to keep the appetite alive. The pillau of boiled rice is always the concluding dish. The externals to such a feast as this are these: A great round plate of metal, with a plain edge, of three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which five or six people can repose on rugs. The left hand must remain invisible; it would be improper to expose it while eating. The right hand is alone permitted to be active. There are no plates, or knives, or forks. The table is decked with dishes, deep and shallow, covered and uncovered; these are continually being changed, so that little can be eaten from each. Some remain longer—as roast meat, cold milks, and gherkin, are often recurred to. Before you an attendant or slave kneels, with a metal basin in one hand, and a piece of soap on a little saucer in the other. Water is poured by him over the hands of the washer from a metal jug; over his arm hangs an elegantly-embroidered napkin for drying the hands upon.

GAIL HAMILTON says that, looking back along the progress of the centuries we find that woman has attained power and pre-eminence chiefly in the realms of the spirit. Man has subdued the world, but woman has subdued man. Mind and muscle have won his victories; love and loveliness have gained hers. No monarch has been so great, no peasant so lowly, that he has not been glad to lay his best at the feet of a woman.

### Mr. Stewart's Donation.

MR. A. T. STEWART is one of those quiet well-doers who act with quiet beneficence in an unostentatious way. Since we respect the unobtrusive method of his charities themselves, we shall not do more than ask attention to the following correspondence, which, like most correspondence of the same nature, explains, and is a commentary upon, itself. The first letter reads thus:

NEW YORK, October 11, 1871.

Hon. R. B. Mason, Chicago, Ill.:

MY DEAR SIR:—Last evening I sent you a telegram authorizing you to draw on me for \$50,000, to be distributed by you, in conjunction with my much-esteemed friends, Messrs. Field & Leiter and Mr. John Farwell, among the needy sufferers by the late terrible conflagration which has visited your city.

I further stated that, if desired, I would expend the amount in purchasing and forwarding such articles of necessity as might be designated, should they, in your united opinions, be preferable to the money.

It is my desire that this fund shall be wholly under

the joint charge of yourself and the friends I have named; believing that it will, through your united action, be so distributed as to assist those needy sufferers whom you know to be worthy and entitled to help.

It is, however, my special wish that it shall be mainly devoted to the aiding of women who are dependent for support upon their own exertions; and also widows or children without means or protectors to provide for them. Allow me through you to express to the people of Chicago my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the great misfortune.

Sincerely your friend,

ALEX. T. STEWART.

Letter No. 2, which we append, gives Mr. Mason's reply:

CHICAGO, October 17, 1871.

A. T. Stewart, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR:—Your magnificent response to the sufferings of our stricken people overwhelms us with gratitude. May heaven visit choicest blessings upon you for this unparalleled generosity to an afflicted city.

By the proclamation, a copy of which I enclose, the distribution has been turned over to the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, of whose Board of Directors Mr. Field is a member.

With your consent, I shall transfer your donation to the society mentioned, with instructions to expend the same with the concurrence of Messrs. Field, Leiter & Co. and John V. Farwell.

The Society may wish to direct purchases as soon as they know their own wants, but at present advise that the funds be held by you. With much respect,

R. B. MASON, Mayor.

The third and concluding letter of the series reads as follows:

NEW YORK, October 21, 1871.

Hon. R. B. Mason, Mayor, Chicago, Ill.:

MY DEAR SIR:—In reply to your esteemed favor of the 17th, I desire to express my full concurrence in your proposed transfer of my donation for the Chicago sufferers to the Chicago Relief and Aid Society, with instructions to disburse the same with the co-operation of Messrs. Field & Leiter and John V. Farwell.

Sincerely your friend,

ALEX. T. STEWART.

It will thus be seen that Mr. Stewart has adopted the speediest, safest and most practical means of making the most of a most generous donation, thereby contributing greatly to the resuscitation of Chicago.

THE new fire-place heater called the "Radiant," and sold by Mr. A. McPherson, No. 233½ Water street, New York, is one of the finest heaters in use. It has several improvements which makes it convenient and easily managed. It heats the room in which it is set as well as the rooms above. Mr. McPherson has been in this line of business for many years, and always keeps on hand the most practical and useful articles in his line, and gives his personal attention to his patrons, ensuring the most satisfactory results.

### CHICAGO PLUCK—MESS. J. BAUER & CO.

It is a pleasure to learn from a reliable source that, while the enterprising house of Bauer & Co., of Chicago and New York, has sustained a severe loss in the destruction of their extensive piano-forte warerooms, which adjoined the Crosby Opera House, their business will go on uninterruptedly, owing to the enormous facilities of the New York branch, No. 650 Broadway. Their heavy stock of pianos and band instruments, destroyed in Chicago, will be replaced by complete consignments from the metropolitan establishment, and probably before this item meets our readers Messrs. Julius and Hermann Baur will have begun opening their new invoices in their temporary new quarters, No. 270 Michigan Ave. Arrangements for rebuilding their marble store have already been made with characteristic energy, and doubtless a few months will see the young firm again handsomely housed and pursuing fresh paths of prosperity.



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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST IS THE

## AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT.

Purest White and all the fashionable shades of the right consistency for use without addition of either oil, thinner or drier, and sold only by the gallon.

It costs less than White Lead and will wear twice as long.

As an exterior Paint it has no equal for beauty, durability or preserving qualities.

### MORE RECOMMENDATIONS.

PETER HENDERSON, Bookman and Florist, 67 Nassau street, New York, writes, February 17th, 1871: "Gentlemen! I must confess to having had an obstinate prejudice against your Paint at the time your agent called my attention to it. The Word 'Chemical' was associated with so many different humbugs in fertilizers (a matter coming specially under my notice) that I was disposed to place your 'Chemical Paint' in the same category. But your persistent though gentlemanly agent was not to be put off, and succeeded in getting me to examine a house that had been painted with 'Chemical' a year previous. I found it all he represented, and at once had my dwelling house and a portion of my greenhouses painted with it. It is now a year and a half ago; and, compared with painting that I had done with the best White Lead and oil at the same time, I find that the Chemical Paint retains the color and gloss far superior to that done by the lead and oil. In future, if you will still furnish me with as good an article, I will use no other."

Boston, June 1, 1870.

Gents: In November last I painted my house, 194 Walnut Avenue, Boston Highlands, outside and inside with Averill Chemical Paint. Thus far it pleases me very much indeed; and, compared with other houses painted at the same time with Lead, is very noticeable for its freshness and polish. I can only say that I should use it were I to build again, and have no hesitation in advising my friends to use it. Yours very truly,

H. E. SIMMONDS, Treas. Am. Tract Society.

SAMUEL L. CONDE, Esq., Attorney at Law, Canastota, N. Y., writes, Oct. 10, 1870: "I cannot praise your Paint too highly. That put on my house two years ago looks as glossy and bright as when first applied. Two houses on lots adjoining mine were newly painted last Fall with the best White Lead (by professional painters, who have heretofore cried down your paint as a humbug); but now, after only one Winter's exposure, they find to their chagrin that the lead paint which they put on has faded and is rapidly chalking off. Facts like these are convincing people of the decided superiority of the Averill Paint over all others."

Recommendations from all sections of the country, comprising the owners of many of the finest villas and residences in the land, can be obtained, with Sample Card and Price-List, free of charge, by addressing

AYERILL CHEMICAL PAINT CO ..... 39 Burling Slip, New York.

AYERILL CHEMICAL PAINT CO ..... 115 Superior Street, Cleveland, O.

To save imposition, ask for Averill Chemical Paint, and take no other.

1302-1f

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"For finish and elegant workmanship, as well as for power, elasticity of touch, and sweetness of tone, it stands unrivalled."—*Christian Inquirer*, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1869.

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A. McPHERSON,

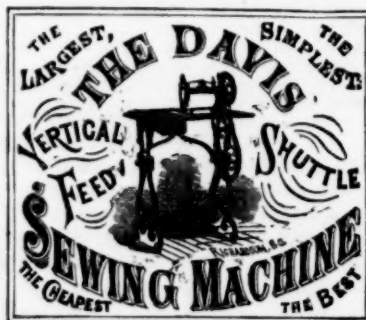
No. 233 $\frac{1}{2}$  WATER STREET, NEW YORK.

Would call the attention of the public to the  
RADIANT, or NEW FIRE-PLACE HEATER,

one that will heat below as well as the upper rooms. It has a shield to prevent the mics from being smoked; has a dust-damper by which the stove can be cleaned out and a fire removed without dust. Any one who examines the grate will be satisfied that it is superior to any heater yet made.

Also for sale the American Range, THE MONARCH, an elevated oven range.

The Etna Stationary Heater, THE VULCAN PORTABLE HEATER; also, COOKING STOVES, for coal or wood, SELF FEEDING STOVES, and a variety of Heating Stoves, all of which will be sold at low prices.



This Machine is presented with the fullest assurance that it will meet the wants of the public more fully than any other, being the largest machine made, having less working parts, running rapid, light and easy; possessing a variety of new and useful attachments for executing an enlarged variety of work; having a new combination of feed and working principles, which renders it more effective in executing the various grades of work required, either in the family or the manufactory; in fact, having every essential element to render it an assured and speedy success.

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1262-1y



### HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation; which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

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PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

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As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in one preparation, which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

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Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of SCROFULA, and all scrofulous diseases, ULCERS, ERUPTIONS, and eruptive disorders of the skin, TUMORS, BLOTTCHES, BOILS, PIMPLES, USTULES, SORES, ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE, ROSE or ERYSIPELAS, TETTER, SALT RHEUM, SCALD HEAD, RINGWORM, and internal ULCERATIONS of the UTERUS, STOMACH and LIVER. It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as DROPSY, DYSPEPSIA, FITS, NEURALGIA, HEART DISEASE, FEMALE WEAKNESS, DEBILITY and LEUCORRHEA, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

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PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS.

Sold by all Druggists Everywhere.

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HUMPHREYS'

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HAVE PROVED FROM THE MOST AMPLE EXPERIENCE, an entire success; Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes cannot be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

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Cures Burns, Bruises, Lameness, Soreness, Sore Throat, Sprains, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Piles, Boils, Stings, Sore Eyes, Bleeding of the Lungs, Nose, Stomach, or of Piles; Corns, Ulcers, Old Sores.

Price, 6 oz., 50 cents; Pints, \$1.50; Quarts, \$1.75.

These Remedies, except POND'S EXTRACT, by the case or single box, are sent to any part of the country, by mail or express, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Address

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It is now presented in a scientific combination with other soothing and healing agencies, in the form of a **SALVE**; and, having been already used in numberless cases with most satisfactory and beneficial results, we have no hesitation in offering it to the public as the most certain, rapid, and effectual remedy for all **Sores and Ulcers, no matter of how long standing, for Burns, Cuts, Wounds, and every ABRASION of SKIN or FLESH, and for Skin diseases generally.**

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**The "Long Island"**

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**If the Baby is Cutting Teeth**

Use that old and well-tried remedy

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Which greatly facilitates the process, and is sure to regulate the bowels. It relieves the child from pain corrects acidity and wind colic, and by giving the infant quiet, natural sleep, gives rest to the mother.

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For Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Is pleasant to take.

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Soothes the child.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
Gives rest to the child.

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Gives rest to the mother.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP  
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Do you want an agency, local or traveling, with a chance to make \$5 to \$30 per day selling our new 1 strand White Wire Clothes Lines? They last forever; sample free, so there is no risk. Address at once **Hudson River Wire Works, 130 Maiden Lane, cor. Water St., N. Y., or 16 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.** 1295-1317

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BASE BURNING FURNACE.**

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**The Burtis Fire-Place Heater.**

Improvement on the Morning Glory.

PATENTED JULY 4, 1871.

This wonderful Heater will sit in an ordinary Fire-place, and will warm a parlor and two sleeping rooms beside. It is as cheerful as an open grate; is free from dust; requires but one kindling the entire Winter, and is without an equal in the world.

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Greatest Success of the Age.

This Range will warm from two to four upper rooms with the same fire required for cooking.

SEND FOR OUR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

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TO THE

## SUFFERING.

THE

## HOUSEHOLD PANACEA

AND

## Family Liniment

Is the best Remedy in the World for the following complaints, viz :

Cramp in the Limbs and Stomach,

Pain in the Stomach, Bowels, or Side,

Rheumatism in all its forms.

Neuralgia, Bilious Colic, Dysentery, Cholera, Fresh Wounds, Colds, Tooth Ache, Chapped Hands, Sore Throat, Burns, Sprains and Bruises, Spinal Complaints, Chills and Fever.

PURELY VEGETABLE AND ALL-HEALING.

## FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE

PREPARED BY

CURTIS &amp; BROWN,

No. 215 Fulton Street, N. Y.

The HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT will extract the fire from a burn immediately, and remove all pain and soreness. Also a sure cure for Dysentery and Summer Complaints, giving immediate relief.

## DIRECTIONS FOR USING :

In all cases of Pain in the Side, Stomach, Back or Bowels, Dysentery and Summer Complaints, it should be taken internally, as follows :

To a tumbler full of water put a table-spoonful or more of sugar ; add to it a tea-spoonful of the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT ; mix them well together, and drink it.

In all cases of Sore Throat, either from Cold, Bronchitis, or any other cause, prepare the mixture as above, and take a tea-spoonful or two every hour or two through the day.

For Rheumatic Affections in the Limbs, Stomach or Back, Spinal Diseases, Stitches in the Back or Side, make a thorough external application with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT, in its full strength, rubbing it in well.

For Tooth Ache, wet a piece of cotton and put it to the tooth.

For a Cough and Pain in the Side, bathe the side and stomach well, and lay on a piece of dry cotton wadding or batting to the parts affected, which will produce a little irritation, and remove the difficulty to the skin and carry it off.

For Ague, make a like application to the face. It is best at all times, when making an external application, to take some of the above mixture internally ; it quickens the blood and invigorates the system.

For Burns or Scalds, put it on in its full strength immediately after the accident.

For Cuts, wrap up the wound in the blood, and wet the bandage thoroughly with the HOUSEHOLD PANACEA AND FAMILY LINIMENT.

For Chills and Fever it is a certain and sure cure. Should be used freely externally about the chest, and taken internally at the same time. It quickens the blood and invigorates the whole system. No mistake about it.

PRICE, THIRTY-FIVE CENTS.

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Much sickness undoubtedly with children and adults, attributed to other causes, is occasioned by worms. The "Vermifuge Comfits," although effectual in destroying worms, can do no possible injury to the most delicate child. This valuable combination has been successfully used by physicians, and found to be safe and sure in eradicating worms, so hurtful to children.

Children having worms require immediate attention, as neglect of the trouble often causes prolonged sickness.

Symptoms of worms in children are often overlooked. Worms in the stomach and bowels cause irritation, which can be removed only by the use of a sure remedy. The combination of ingredients used in making Brown's "Vermifuge Comfits" is such as to give the best possible effect with safety.

Boston, Jan. 27, 1864.

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As I have used your "Worm Comfits" in my practice for two years past with always good success. I have no hesitation in recommending them as a very superior preparation for the purpose for which they are intended. As I am aware they do not contain any mercury or other injurious substances, I consider them perfectly safe to administer even in the most delicate cases.

ALVAN HOBBS, M.D.

## DIRECTIONS.

Take each time—

ONE Lozenge for children from 1 to 2 years.

TWO " " " 2 to 4 "

THREE " " " 4 to 6 "

FOUR " " " over 6 "

Six Lozenges for adults.

To be taken in the morning before breakfast, and at night (bed time) for four or five days.

Commence again in a week, and give as before, if symptoms of worms are again observed.

JEREMIAH CURTIS & SONS,

New York,

JOHN I. BROWN & SONS,

Boston.

Proprietors

All orders should be addressed to

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Sold by Druggists, Chemists and Dealers in Medicines, at 25 cents per box.



J. WALKER, Proprietor. R. H. McDONALD & Co., Druggists and Gen'l Agents, San Francisco, Cal., and 22 & 24 Commerce St., N. Y. MILLIONS Bear Testimony to their Wonderful Curative Effects. They are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors doctored, spiced and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER and a LIFE GIVING PRINCIPLE, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition. No person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also, the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver, and all the Visceral Organs.

FOR FEMALE COMPLAINTS, whether in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood or at the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters have no equal.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION, Headache, Pain in the Shoulder, Cough, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

They invigorate the Stomach and stimulate the torpid Liver and Bowels, which render them of unequalled efficacy in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

FOR SKIN DISEASES, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blisters, spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the System in a short time by the use of these Bitters. One bottle in such cases will convince the most incredulous of their curative effects.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul, and your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist, there is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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And Fringed Suitings.

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DOUBLE WIDTH,

in the following class :

Mary Stuart,

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New Cloth Shades for Suitings,

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Also several cases of

FRENCH MERINOES, excellent qualities, in

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300 beautifully printed

CASHMERE ROBES DE CHAMBRE,

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OTHER descriptions of DRESS FABRICS,

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MAIL ORDERS FOR SAMPLES carefully and promptly executed.

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Every grade of price and shade of color in

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Plain colored Silks in new evening shades and cloth colors from \$2 per yard.

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REAL IRISH POPLINS (best makes) at \$2.25 per yard.

No extra charges for high colors.

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Also a choice selection of

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The above goods are all marked at popular prices.

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Elegant Novelties received by sack and every steamer, in

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